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The Seed of the World.

Do you know the strength of the tiny seed,
That bursts the trampled clod —
That spreads for the rest of the robin's foot
Its branches strong and broad?

Can you tell the force of the thread-like stream
That wears the rock in twain —
That under the grasses its beauty weaves
Through all the verdant plain?

Can you guess the worth of the hidden mines,
That in unknown caverns lie?
Can you measure the breadth of the universe,
Or depth of the summer sky?

But thy subtlest thought may not conceive
The breadth, and power, and worth,
Of the word of God in the youthful heart,
Or the beauty it bringeth forth;

The wonderous seed that springs in life
E'en from the sands of death,
And fills the desert-place with bloom,
With Eden's odorous breath.

Then sow the word with a lavish hand —
Beside all waters sow;
Till the Rose of Sharon in beauty blooms
In every heart below. *S. S. Journal.*

The Young Robins.

In a soft, warm nest in a shady tree,
With bright little eyes and wings,
Sat a fine old bird with his children three,
Such tiny, sweet-tempered things!
And the old bird said to the dear little birds,
"I want you to learn to fly;"
And the little ones merrily chirped the words,
"Dear father, we'll try, we'll try."

Now a little boy had a sum to-day,
And was told to go quickly through it;
But he pouted and cried, and was heard to say
"He was sure that he could not do it."
Do you think this boy was half as good
As the birdies that learned to fly?
He'd wiser have been, don't you think he would,
If he had said, "I'll try, I'll try!"

For the Myrtle.

The Useful and the Beautiful.

The spring had come at last. "Yes, the spring had surely come," so the children said, for the air was growing warmer every day; the trees had joyfully thrown off their veils of snow and the little green buds were beginning to appear; under the old, withered leaves the grass looked fresh and bright; the little birds had come back again, "and soon," said the children, "the flowers will be here," and they clapped their hands and laughed merrily at the thought of that joyful time.

They loved the flowers very much and knew the places where they grew. Every morning they came to the old elm tree down in one corner of the garden to see if the crocuses had come, for these little flowers were the earliest of which the children knew, so they were eagerly looked for every spring.

But no, the crocuses had not come yet, nor did they come for a long, long time it seemed to the children, so that at last they began to wonder and to say to one another, "What makes the flowers sleep so long?"

The little honey bees came to the old elm tree and wondering flew back to their hives, then came again and again, but each time flew back wondering as before.

The old gardener who took care of the flowers came also to the old elm tree, and after looking

carefully about, shook his head and looked very wise as he said,

"The season is very late. I fear the little crocuses will suffer much."

The days went on, and the children came as usual to the old elm tree. Many times they would put their ears down close to the ground to try if they could hear anything of the little flowers stirring beneath, but they could hear no sound. At last a bright thought came into one little head, and he cried out,

"Wake up, little crocuses, we want you."

And the others joining with him, they all called together,

"Wake up, little flowers, we want you, we want you."

Then they laughed joyfully, saying, "The crocuses will surely come to-morrow," and sure enough when the morning came again, the flowers had come too, and they found first one little bud peeping out of the dark earth, then another and another, until at last the children said,

"The crocuses are all awake. Ah! we knew they would hear us call them."

Each day the children watched these little flowers as they grew, and what a joyful time it was when the flower-buds opened, and there was a whole bed of crocuses in bloom. Little white and pink and blue blossoms, "more beautiful than any thing we know," said the children, as they gazed at them in perfect delight.

The little bees came to greet the crocuses and flew back to their hives much gladdened, and the old gardener smiled, for it made him glad, too, to see these little flowers again, but the children were the gladdest of all, and the old man, seeing their happiness, said to himself,

"I have never known, certainly never have *felt* before, how much happiness a little thing may bring. Surely, nothing has an aimless existence, not even so small a thing as a flower. God in his wisdom and goodness has made every thing for some good. Yes, the beautiful is useful by the simple power of its beauty."

Thus he mused, and, looking up from his work, asked the children of what use were the little flowers.

"To make the bees glad, to make the earth look beautiful and to make us happy," said the children.

M. C. Schouler.

THE voice of love calling its little flock into the path of virtue, is the whisper of angels.

The Choices.

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE GIRLS.

Carrie.—
You see that I'm a fairy queen,
And very good and wise;
And that my robes are gold and green,
My crown all gems and dyes.
Then come, and tell me every one
Just what you'd like to be;
And long before the rising sun,
My fairy gifts you'll see.

Anna.—
I'd like to be a bright, bright star
Up in the glittering sky,
Calmly to shine and burn afar
Without a trouble nigh!
Then down upon this stormy earth
Serenely I would gaze;
Glad to escape its short lived mirth,
Its snares, and evil ways!

Carrie.—
A star of hope be thou for aye;
A star of comfort be;
But a lonely star, a soulless ray,
Is ne'er a fate for thee.

Hattie.—
I, gentle queen, would like to be
A songster of the grove,
'Mid balmy airs and radiant flowers
Wherein I list to rove,
To hover near some lovely bower
And there pour forth my lay;
To please and cheer be mine the power,
Then soar away, away!

Carrie.—
A bird, a little transient thing;
A stranger to and fro,
To live to twitter and to sing?
I tell thee no, no, no!

Martha.—
I would, dear queen, a lady be
So bright, and gay, and fair;
With sweet blue eyes and coral lips,
And long, soft, curling hair.
Ribbons and dresses, fans and flowers,
Horses and servants too;
Jewels and furs, and laces fine,
And lovers just a few.

Carrie.—
A lady 'twould be hard to find
In such a sad disguise;
Bitter indeed were such a lot,
Your choice has been unwise.

Mary.—
And I, my queen, would ask of thee
Strength to be just and true,
Nobly to dare and wisely act,
And faithfully to do.
And might I e'er a teacher be,
A guide to sunny youth;
I would the power, the grace, the faith,
To lead them in the truth.

Carrie.—
Yes, be thou true! O, falter not,
In this blest choice of thine;
The truth, when earth-born glories fade,
Eternally shall shine!

Old Wonder-Eyes.

MINNIE was a sweet, gentle, little girl, who loved everybody and every creature that God had made and every creature she met loved her. Rough people were gentle to her, and cross people were kindly. She could go straight up to vicious horses and fierce dogs and spiteful cats, and they would become quiet and mild directly. I don't think that anything could resist her loving ways, unless it were a mad bull or a setting hen.

One night, as Minnie lay awake in her bed in the nursery, listening to a summer rain, she heard a strange fluttering and scratching in the chimney, and she called to her nurse, and said:

"Biddy, what is that funny noise up there?"

Biddy listened a moment, and said,

"Sure, it's nothing but a stray rook. Now he's quite gone away—so go to sleep wid ye, my darling!"

Minnie tried to go to sleep like a good girl, but after awhile she heard that sound again, and presently something came fluttering and scratching right down into the grate, and out into the room! Minnie called again to Biddy; but Biddy was tired and sleepy and *wouldn't* wake up. It was so dark that Minnie could see nothing, and she felt a little strange; but she was no coward, and as the bird seemed very quiet, she went to sleep again after awhile, and dreamed that great flocks of rooks were flying over her slowly and making the darkness with their jet-black wings.

She woke very early in the morning, and the first thing she saw was a great gray owl, perched on the bed-post at her feet, staring at her with his big, round eyes. He did not fly off when she started up in bed, but only ruffled his feathers and said:

"Who!"

Minnie had never seen an owl before, but she was not afraid, and she answered merrily,

"You'd better say, 'Who!' Why, who are you, yourself, you queer old Wonder-eyes?"

Then she woke Biddy, who was dreadfully frightened, and called up the butler, who caught the owl and put him in a cage.

This strange bird was always ill-natured and gruff to everybody but Minnie. He seemed to take kindly to her from the first. So he was called "Minnie's pet," and nobody disputed her right to him. He would take food from her little hand and never peck her. He would perch on her shoulder, and let her take him on an airing round the garden; and sometimes he would sit and watch her studying her lessons, and look as wise and solemn as a learned professor, till he would fall to winking and blink, and go off into a sound sleep.

Minnie grew really fond of this pet, grave and unsocial as he was; but she always called him by the funny name she had given him first,—"Old Wonder-eyes."—*Clark's School Visitor.*

Wishes.

"WHAT are you thinking, my darling,
Sitting so silent and still—
Sunlight asleep in your ringlets of gold,
Eager lip parted, as if to unfold
Wonderful secrets at will?"

"O mother! I've only been wishing
More things than could ever be told;
Dreaming with wide-open eyes, while the light
Drops through this apple-bough, rosy and white,
Flecking the soft grass with gold.

Wishing I knew if the robin
Sang in the maple to-day,
Tales of the winterless lands he has seen,
Groves of the orange, and islands of green,
Perils of wing by the way.

Wishing I knew how the Mayflowers
Bloomed on the hem of the snow;
Longing to read what the crocusse write,
Marvelous letters of purple and white,
All in an orderly row.

Wishing I knew if the streamlet
Tells in the violet's ear,
Stories of life at the frost-monarch's court,
Glittering fairies by moonlight that sport,
Palaces crystalline clear.

Wishing I knew if the south wind,
Brings not some news from the sea,
Tropical waves in the sunlight aglow,
And, somewhere, sailing so stately and slow,
A ship that is freighted for me."

O dreams of an innocent childhood!
O wishes too sweet to come true!
What is the toil of the oldest mind?
Guesses at knowledge but half defined,
Nearer to nature are you.

—*Little Corporal.*

THE love of knowledge heightens the enjoyments of life. It elevates the soul of man. It gives a charm to society, and renders solitude pleasurable. It is a shield against temptation, and a solace in trouble. If you love knowledge you need never be lonely. It feeds the imagination, refines the taste, and ennobles the character.

For the Myrtle.

The Tale of the Cat and the Mouse.

A MOUSE came down to the brook to drink,
On a summer's day;
A shrewd old cat on the farther brink
Was at watch for prey.

The keen-eyed puss looked across the flood
With a pleased surprise,
And the thought "How I long for that mouse's blood,"
In her wicked eyes.

"And oh!" she cried, "for a bridge to pass
To the other side,"—
When a long, smooth stem of the strongest grass
On a knoll she spied.

She snapped it out of its peaceful nook
At a single bite,
And laid it across the roaring brook
With the speed of light.

The mouse sat up on his haunches fat,
Nor moved the while:
But watched the ways of that frantic cat
With a quiet smile.

The cat came out with a cautious paw
On her foothold frail,
But she thought of the mouse in her hungry jaw
With a swelling tail.

She reached the midst of the rolling stream,—
The mouse looked blue,—
Down went her bridge of a single beam,—
Down she went, too.

The mouse, convulsed with transports gay,
Shook in every limb.
He laughed till he split his doublet gray,—
'Twas the last of him.

The cat down the rushing waters went,
Draggled and drowned;
The mouse of too much merriment
Lay dead on the ground.

Ah, well for the cat had she stopped to think
Ere that bridge she took!
Ah, well for the mouse had he gone to drink
At some other brook!

H. A. B.

—o-o—

The White Hen's Chickens.

"DON'T throw those crumbs so near the door, Nannie. The white hen's chickens are learning to come into the house."

"Oh, it won't make any difference, mother; we shall kill them all this fall."

And so Nannie kept on throwing out the crumbs, and the chickens grew bolder and bolder, and their bad habit got more firmly fixed.

"It's time those chickens were killed," said Nannie's mother again, one cold day late in the fall. "I believe you had better do it to-night, Robert. There are the white hen s chickens, and the rest of Goldie's," and accordingly, when night came, Robert took the l ntern and his little brother to carry it, and went out to the hen-house.

What a nestling there was as the light from the lantern shone on them — the white hen's chickens and the rest of Goldie's! How they winked and wiggled and tried to look wise, and made such funny, sleepy noises!

"Say, Rob," said little Al, "it's too bad to kill that black pullet; she's a regular beauty. I'm going to ask mother if I can't have her," and away he went, lantern and all, to the house.

"Yes, sir-e-e, she's mine; now you needn't kill her," he panted, as he came rushing back; and so the black pullet, one of the white hen's chickens, was spared.

"Al's hen is a perfect nuisance," stoutly affirmed Miss Nannie the next summer. "She torments me nearly to death. There's that pan full of milk on the floor, by my trying to chase one of her miserable chickens out doors. I can't see what makes her act so."

"Don't you remember the crumbs, Nannie? She is one of the white hen's chickens, you know."

Nannie looked sheepish, as her mother continued, "Remember, my daughter, it's not best to learn evil if we don't expect to practice it."

For the Myrtle.

Decoration Day.

O LOVELY Spring, returned with smiling skies,
With fragrance and with bloom,
Here where the flower of all our country lies,
Shed them upon the tomb!

When all the land is crimson with the rose,
The sods burst into flowers,
Oh, how should bloom the glorious graves of those
Who saved this land of ours!

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

The Untruthful Girl.

NOT an hundred miles from Boston lives a little girl ten years old by the name of Fannie Fenton. Fannie, like all other little girls, has her good and bad traits, but for a little girl who has such good, kind, loving parents, I do think Fannie the very worst child I ever saw, and everybody who knows her thinks the same thing. If I say Fannie is so very naughty, I suppose the little readers of the MYRTLE will want to know what Fannie does that she should be called such a naughty child. Well, I will tell you and I think you will agree with me.

Fannie's father and mother do everything they possibly can to make her good and lovely in mind and character, but it does seem as if she grew worse every day instead of better.

She has a lovely home with everything charming and beautiful around her. She has fine clothes, a nice little pony of her own, beautiful toys, and many other things to make her happy. She has two sweet little sisters, and if any one should tell her that they thought she didn't love her sisters I suppose she would think they were crazy; but it does seem to me that if she really loved them as she says she does, she would treat them differently.

Now how do you suppose she acts when her mother tells her to take care of the baby, "just a few minutes." If she is reading or playing with her paper dolls, and she is hardly ever doing anything else the last six months — as she is not going to school — she will pretend she does not hear her mother speak, and then if her mother speaks the second time, she will put her book or dolls away with a frown on her face, and indeed she often wears such a cross look that I turn my head away to keep from seeing her.

I do dislike to see a young face that should always wear a sweet smile disfigured with frowns and wrinkles and cross looks.

Fannie is generous in some things. She will give away anything she owns, that is, everything except "Billy," the pony, but she is so fond of reading and playing "dollie," and she is so terribly lazy that she deceives her poor mother by pretending she does not hear her when she speaks.

But that is not the only way Fannie deceives her mother. She plays all sorts of naughty tricks and will tell such falsehoods to keep from being punished, that I should think her tongue would cleave to the roof of her mouth. She not only tells stories to hide a fault, but she often tells strangers who do not know her very well, that she does and says things she knows very well she would not dare to do.

I wonder what Fannie is thinking about? Does she think that it can make no difference in the hearts of her friends? If she thinks she can be loved and trusted, and yet go on as long as she lives and *tell stories* when she might just as well tell the truth, why I am very sure that she is terribly mistaken.

When she grows a little older, people will be afraid of her.

"Oh," they will say, "you must not believe anything that little girl says. She is a great story teller. She cannot be trusted."

I hope no one will ever say that of any little boy or girl who reads the MYRTLE.

God does not love that. It grieves the Heavenly Father to hear his childrn speak or act falsely, and it should be the aim of every boy and girl to speak and act in such a way that everybody will love and trust them, for there is nothing that is more disliked or feared than a man or woman who does not speak the truth.

But we may act a lie as well as speak a lie, and one is just as bad as another. A lie is a lie, whether it be spoken or noted, and he who makes another believe an untruth by a false smile, a shake of the head or any look or gesture, has told a falsehood just the same as if he had opened his mouth.

It is a great pleasure to feel that when we say a thing we are believed, no matter how strange what we say may sometimes seem. But we will be believed if we always speak the truth in small things as well as great ones, and I do hope Fannie will learn this before she is much older.

Anna M. L. Moseley.

Little Gardens.

KIND hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the bloosoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;

Love is sweetest sunshine
That warms into life;
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

—*Little Sower.*

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The Sunday School connected with the Universalist church in Tyngsboro, is in a very flourishing condition. Sunday, May 12, was the anniversary of the organization of the school. A large audience assembled to listen to the exercises, which were exceedingly interesting. Several appropriate single peices and dialogues were spoken with marked effect. The school is blessed with an efficient superintendent, and teachers who take great interest in the laudable work of training the children in the way of truth and righteousness. With such an earnest working power within itself, a religious society must prosper.

—The Sabbath School of the Universalist church in North Bridgewater held its anniversary meeting on the morning of the first Sunday in May. Able and spirited reports were read by the superintendent, Mr. Alpheus Holmes, and the secretary and treasurer, Mrs D. P. Kenney. The school has one hundred and sixty scholars and 23 teachers. Number of library books, six hundred and twenty. Some very good recitations were given by the scholars, and the singing on the occasion was very creditable to the school. The exercises were concluded with a brief address by Rev. J. G. Adams. The floral decorations about the pulpit were very rich and beautiful.

MICHIGAN.

—The superintendent of the Sunday School at Muskegan, sends us an abstract of his remarks at the first anniversary of the school, which we should be glad but for its length to print in full. We spoke of those same anniversary exercises with the recitations, dialogues, etc., a few weeks since. The following paragraphs we take from the remarks of the superintendent:

"Twelve months ago we organized our school with *two* children in attendance. We have gradually but surely, as we hope, made permanent accessions until we now number fifty-five scholars with an average attendance of thirty-five.

Our school for the past year has a record that we refer to with some degree of pride. Your superintendent was the only member of the society who was sanguine of success in the effort. The school is largely composed of scholars who have been induced to attend our school, whose parents do not believe with us, but are willing their children should attend the Sunday School where the best advantages are offered for the cultivation of the mind and affections.

The greatest drawback to our success is the non-attendance and seeming lack of interest on the part of the male members of the society. Week after week, month after month, we have met in this church with the few faithful Marys and Marthas as helpers, but with few indeed of the brethren. I would venture to ask if we can reasonably expect the same degree of success that their presence would secure to the school.

The MYRTLE has been a great help to us, especially in its work in families where *the children were not attendants of any Sunday School.* Here it has done a noble missionary work. I have in my mind a large number of children to whom I have given the paper, week after week, before they could be induced to become members of the school, but who have thus been persuaded to join."

We need to take immediate steps for the starting of a library: for no school can be said to prosper to its fullest extent, for any length of time without books. We hope to be able to give this subject early attention."

Nothing Better.

A good friend once said to us, "I was a Universalist myself, once."

"And why are you not a Universalist now?" we asked.

"Because I have found something better," said she.

"What is that?" we asked again.

"I have found Christ," was the reply.

"Your answer," we said, "does not show us that you have found anything better than Universalism. We find our Universalism in Christ, and our Christ in Universalism. Our Christ is the Saviour of the world—the whole world of mankind. No religion has a greater Saviour than this."

We then explained to our friend what Universalism was; how that it teaches us the love of God to all his children; that all men are bound to love each other as brethren; that God commands us to do righteously because we can be truly blest only in so doing; and punishes us for our transgressions that we may learn his justice and be led to repentance and obedience; and that he so hates sin that he will finally destroy it, and make all his children holy and happy. We again asked what she had for a religion that was better than this?

She did not explain. Nor could she; nor can anybody else in the world. Universalism is the best of all doctrines to live by and to die by. Only let us believe it and practice it, and we shall be among the best and the happiest of beings.

Young reader, seek and find, if you have not sought and found, the best doctrine to believe in and to put into practice.

Hate It.

Hate what? Our brother man who loves us? No. Our brother man who hates us? No. We are to love even our enemies. Who or what are we to hate? Sin, to be sure. We owe it nothing but hatred. It is the enemy of man, but an enemy which we are not required to love. God hates it, and we should. Jesus, our Heavenly Master, was ever in conflict with sin. So should we be in this same conflict. We must fight daily, constantly against it. And we must "put on the whole armor of God" to do this. Look at the sixth chapter of the Epistles to the Ephesians, from the thirteenth to the eighteenth verses, and see what this armor is.

What Music can Do.

Music is one of the greatest blessings our world has ever known. Here is one fact which proves it. In a Kentish village, England, numbering more than five hundred inhabitants, the children, the young men and women, even several of the old men who work on farms, have become singers. Every Christmas and Easter for some years past they have performed an oratorio of Handel, or some other great master. They cherish their church music, and they live together, with their minds awakened to such a sense of harmony that for years past not one of them has been punished for or accused of any offence against the law.

——It is never said in the Scriptures that God is greatness, or power, or knowledge; but it is very plainly stated that *God is love.* Not that he is lovely, not that he is benevolent, merely; but to declare fully the great and glorious truth, it is written, "God is love."

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXXXVIII

CHRIST FORETELLS HIS DEATH.

"He was led as a sheep to slaughter."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xx. 17–28. Mark x. 35–45. Luke xviii. 31–34.

Question. — Who accompanied Jesus to Jerusalem?

Answer. — Math. xx. 17.

Q. — What did Jesus say to them privately?

A. — Math. xx. 18, 19.

NOTE. The Jews, and among them his disciples, believed so strongly that Jesus was to be the earthly king of the Jews and never die and give place to a weak successor, that it was difficult for Jesus to speak to them of his death. The scriptures clearly foretold his death, but, strange as it is, the Jews saw no prophecy of it. The mother of James and John believed that he was to be an undying king of the Jewish nation, and therefore she came to him with a worldly request.

Q. — What did the mother of James and John ask of Jesus for her two sons?

A. — Math xx. 21.

Q. — What did Jesus say to this request?

A. — Math. xx. 22.

Q. — What suffering did he assure these men they should suffer?

A. — Math. xx. 23.

Q. — What did he tell them he had no power to grant?

A. — Math xx. 23.

Q. — What were the feelings of the other ten apostles when they heard of this request of James and John?

A. — Math. xx. 24.

Q. — How did Jesus tell them it should not be among them?

A. — Math. xx. 25, 26.

Q. — What should he do who would be great among them?

A. — Math. xx. 26.

NOTE. The word minister means here one that serves.

Q. — What should he do who would be chief among them?

A. — Math. xx 27.

NOTE. The word servant here may be rendered slave—one who would perform any menial service.

Q. — What example of this practice did Jesus present?

A. — Math. xx. 28.

Q. — What was the result to the Saviour of pursuing this lowly course?

A. — Phil. ii. 8, 9.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

1. The father of Elisha.
2. The one who raised the widow's son.
3. A son of Ner.
4. The son of Solomon.
5. The land to which the Israelites journeyed.
6. The mount of God.
7. One of the disciples.
8. The husband of Gomer.
9. A son of Joshua.
10. A land in which Omri was buried.
11. An island west of Asia.
12. A tribe of Israel.
13. The son of Hagar.
14. That which David wrote.
15. A wicked city.
16. The land in which Job dwelt.
17. A book of the New Testament.
18. A tempestuous wind.
19. One who was imprisoned with Paul.

My whole an injunction of the Saviour. *B. E. D.*

Answers.

MAY 18. No. 1, Solomon. No. 2, Wine is a mocker.

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